

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF SEATED LANDS.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly the Commissioners will offer for sale, at their office in Reynoldsville, Pa., on

Friday, September 23rd, 1904.

At 10 o'clock, a. m., the following tracts of seated lands purchased by the County Commissioners at the Treasurer's sales of 1902:

Acres.	Value.	Name of Owner.	District.
1.50	\$ 150	Mrs. M. J. Neale	Big Run
312	312	Isabel Weaver & Betty Frank	Min. 37
79	637	John Miller	Gaskill
1.5	175	Mrs. Fannie Baird	Henderson
75	75	John Neale	McClintock
25	25	Liva C. Larson	McClintock
200	200	Andrew Nelson	Perry
175	175	Neilsen Johnston	Perry
50	50	Isaac Lind	Perry
20	20	Jane Grider	Winslow
999	999	Gordon & White	Winslow
1,000	1,000	Mary E. Hearst	Winslow
40	40	A. G. Miller	Winslow
15	50	J. Henry Kershaw	Winslow
20	20	S. S. Hanes	Winslow
30	30	Grant H. Hodges	Winslow
300	300	Michael O'Brien	Winslow
20	20	Lewis Hollowell	Winslow
240	240	G. W. Miller	Winslow

NEWTON WEBSTER, AL. HAWK, HARKNEY D. HAUGH, County Commissioners, August 15, 1904.

W. L. JOHNSTON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office four doors from Ross House, West Reynoldsville, Pa.

PRIESTER BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS.
Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

J. H. HUGHES,
UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING.
The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Woodward Building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Old Reliable
BANNER BAKING POWDER
Always the Best.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

J. R. FLACKINGER, Prin.
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
FALL TERM 15 WEEKS BEGINS SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1904.

Last year was the most successful in the history of this important school—about 300 students. Location among the mountains of Central Pennsylvania, with fine water, splendid buildings and excellent sanitary conditions make it an ideal training school. In addition to its Normal course it also has an excellent College Preparatory Department in charge of an honor graduate of Princeton. It also has departments in Music, Education and Business. It has a well equipped faculty, fine gymnasium and athletic field.

Address for illustrated catalog, THE PRINCIPAL.

THE CLARION STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Furnishes professional training for teachers—Prepares young people for college—Offers excellent facilities for general education. FREE tuition for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for school year, 42 weeks, \$127.00; for fall term, 16 weeks, \$49.00. Station of Pittsburgh, Summerville & Clarion Railroad directly opposite Normal laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address

PRINCIPAL NORMAL SCHOOL, CLARION, PA.

TEAS THAT ARE WORTH FORTUNES

Twelve Hundred Kinds Are in China's Show at the World's Fair—The Most Populous Nation of the World For the First Time Makes an Exhibit Worthy of Her Greatness.

Many expositions of stupendous character make up the World's Fair of 1904. Each part is a vast and distinct show. Each building shelters many acres of wonderful things—wonderful because they are the choicest of their kind. Every nation on the globe is represented. Every state and territory is here with its best and making the most of its greatest opportunity.

The fact that China has not been a large exhibitor at world's fairs gives to her great exhibit here a prominence quite exceptional. It is a wonderland of ingenious productions. We know China best by reason of her extensive exports of teas, which have found a vast market in the United States for generations. Her commercial interests therefore prompted her to make a display of teas that we should not forget.

In sealed glass jars China displays in the Liberal Arts Palace some 1,200 kinds of tea. Young Hyson and Old Hyson have a string of tea relations longer than the genealogical chain of a Plymouth Rock. They are neatly selected "chops," in the language of the tea farmer, and these classes do not embrace medicinal teas, which are quite another lot in the rather modest number of 400.

The teas exhibited vary in price from a few cents a pound to some rare and exclusive kinds that are worth their weight in gold, the tea in the latter cases being placed on one side of the scales and pure gold on the other—that is to say, the tea of this expensive kind is worth about \$20 gold an ounce. Only a very small quantity of this exclusive leaf is exhibited, and it is grown in carefully guarded tea plantations or gardens right under the shadows of the great wall of China. Its cultivation is prohibited for any use save for the imperial family of China and a few of the favored high officials.

Mention has been made of the word "chop" in connection with tea, and it may be interesting to the everyday reader to know what the word actually signifies. The tea leaf is grown in various districts of the Chinese empire on

land and which the tea grower must accept or go elsewhere to dispose of his wares. In a single tract of tea land like the one cited above the price has ranged from 14 cents, the lowest, to 48 cents, the highest, per pound among sixty-one different tea producers. A matter of great moment that also figures in the price of tea is that very often tea from the same district will have the various "chops" blended together in order to produce special flavors.

THE AMIABLE MULE.

A Few Words of Praise For This Much Maligned Animal.

"After a lifetime of close association with the mule," says an old military official, "I have never known him to kick a man, nor have I ever met a man who knew another man of his own knowledge who had been kicked by a mule."

"This is a bold statement, but it is true nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and confidently predict that they will be me out in this. I know I am uprooting a popular belief, but I ask you to stop and think and see if I am not doing on mule friend a deserved justice. Horses kicks are plenty. Mule kicks are a rare as promotions. Were you ever riding at night on the prairies, far away from comrades and camp, weary looking for the distant twinkling camp fires not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule friend lift his tireless head and blow his resonant trumpet of discovery of the sought for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a bee line for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight and its whereabouts undiscovered? Throw the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way. He will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost."—Nebraska State Journal.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Its Invention Was the Result of a Cut on the Finger.

An accident—a cut on the finger—caused Edison to invent the phonograph, or talking machine.

Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time, he said, he was singing into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and roundabout, guided by the vibrations of his voice.

He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel, while he spoke, ran over the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark or scratch. This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper scratches slowly over it. There was given forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it.

Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of the voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite hacked off and no phonograph would have resulted.

Nose Musicians.

Of the Tagbanoua, a tribe on the long narrow island called Palawan, in the Philippines, Mr. Landon writes: "Most musicians of other nationalities play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanoua plays them with his nose! The lantul, a reed flute, has two holes, and one nose piece at one end of the cane, at the joint. The lantul is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanoua nose is so flattened at the base and has such expanded nostrils, elongated at the side, that it is especially adapted for this purpose. The Tagbanoua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from any body's nose, and he is even bold enough to attempt, with success, too, a trill."

Might Be Worse.

Horrid Mother—I just this minute saw Mr. Nicerellow's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful. Repentant Daughter—Y-e-s, mother, but it would be a great deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist.

Her Trouble.

First Boarding House Mistress—I've seen it figured out that people can live on 12 cents a day. Second Boarding House Mistress—Ah! But you can't get them to do it.—Brooklyn Life.

The Boston Maid and the Author.

Garnish—I see you have my novel. I'll bet you had to look at the last page to see how it came out. Miss Quizer—No, I looked at the name of the publishers on the title page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was.—Boston Transcript.

THE AGING PROCESS.

A Medical Suggestion as to How It May Be Arrested.

To drink the waters of the fountain of youth is still, in the opinion of some, within the range of possibility. A recent writer observes that man began in a gelatinous condition and ends in an osseous or bony one. He is soft in infancy; he is hard in old age. Aging is a process of ossification. After middle life has passed a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. The arteries become thickened with calcareous matter, and there is interference with circulation, upon which nutrition depends. The whole change from youth to old age is one of steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system. Entire blockades of the functions of the body is a mere matter of time, and the refuse matter deposited by the blood through the system stops the delicate machinery we call life. The blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia and iron. In the blood itself are these earthy salts. In early life they are thrown off; in age they are not. Almost everything we eat contains these elements for destroying life. Earthy salts abound in the cereals, and bread itself, mistakenly called "the staff of life," is one of the most calcareous of edibles. Nitrogenous food also contains these elements; hence a diet made up of fruit is best for people advanced in years. The daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and derangements of health. Diluted phosphoric acid is one of the most powerful influences known to science for shielding the human system from the inconvenience of old age. Use it daily with distilled water and so retard the approach of senility. To retain perpetual youth, avoid all foods rich in the earthy salts, use much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and take daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glass full. This will your days be longer in the land.—Medical Age.

THE AMERICAN HONEYMOON.

Faithful in few things, the American public yet remains true to an old honeymoon tradition which assigns those to whom Europe is an impossible expense to Niagara Falls and Washington, the national capital. In these two centers bridal parties have been since long before the civil war the pride and the prey of hotel men and cabmen. Modern maids may consider them a little old fashioned, but when the time comes to choose a wedding tour the west, the middle west and the rural east of the United States are still true to Niagara Falls and Washington. It is in the spring and summer, when of course the larger number of marriages take place, that these resorts are so popular. In the winter New York itself is the Mecca of the newly wed.—London Telegraph.

NIGHT ATTACK AT SEA.

Boarding a Hostile Ship From a Fleet of Small Boats.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There are just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct. Around a low headland half a mile away from the anchored vessel steal four or five boats, pulled with muffled oars and filled with armed men. They approach noiselessly.

Perhaps they are not discovered and thus reach the sides of the ship. The next instant the armed men are pouring over her bulwarks, and a desperate fight takes place on her decks. Perhaps they are discovered before they reach the vessel's side. The alarm is given. The men in the boats hear it and lash their oars through the water in a determined effort to reach the ship before the rapid fire guns can open upon them. Flashes of fire illumine the night. The searchlights send out shafts of blinding white. The sharp peals of the six and three pounders, the rapid hoarse barking of Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the vicious sputter of Gatlings, break upon the frightened air. "Give way with a will!" shout the officers of the boats as the men bend to the oars and the light guns in the bows hurl their defiant answers back at the wall-sided ship. As the boats sweep up to the vessel's side gongs clang and rattles sound calling away the riflemen to repel boarders from the boats. If the boats' crews can board the ship and clasp down her hatches before the crew gets on deck, theirs is the victory, but if her secondary battery is manned and her riflemen stationed before the boats are alongside, then goodby to the boat expedition, for there is nothing more pitiless than Gatlings and revolving cannon.—W. J. Henderson in St. Nicholas.

Gross Wedding Presents.

Among the Iloongotes, a tribe of savages in the interior of Luzon, according to A. Henry Savage Landon, "the wedding present given by the prospective groom to his sweetheart does not lack quaintness and consists of a human head, part of a breast and heart as well as a finger or two. Unless a man can produce these gifts he has to remain a bachelor, but these gifts are invariably procured. The 'inclined to wed' lies in wait in the high grass until an unsuspecting man, woman or child happens to go by, who a few minutes later is left dead upon the trail minus the anatomical portions enumerated above."

Pleasant Anticipations.

"Why can't you marry me? It's true I'm not enormously rich; still I have an income plenty big enough to support us nicely." "Yes, but think how ridiculously small the alimony allowed out of it will be."—Town Topics.

Not What He Meant.

"So you really think that does sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?" "Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

No Hunter.

"He has a head for business, and yet he doesn't succeed." "That is because he has no feet for it."—Cleveland Leader.

Dangers of the Sea.

The fourth day a perfect mountain of water, the biggest sea I have ever seen in all my life, came towering up and fell on the Roddam. I thought she was foundered, but she shook it off, and we saw that the after deck house and the hand steering gear had been carried away as clean as cutting off the top of a cake. A piece of the truck had got jammed in the wheel chains, and the next bash the rudder got broke the chains. In half a minute we were wallowing helplessly in the trough of the sea, and I knew that another big sea would end the chapter. Getting the men together, I made a try at getting the chain picked up and spliced. The steward, who was a brave lad, went over the side and got up the loose end. We had tied ourselves together for the work, and that was all that kept us from being washed overboard. In a few minutes we had connected up the chain with a strong strap and were ready to get back amidships when the wreck of the hand steering gear, which was swinging free, came clipping around and caught the steward's leg, taking it off like a butcher chops off a bone.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Gifts at Baptism.

Gifts to infants on their baptism are of ancient origin. Formerly the sponsors generally offered gilt spoons to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved at the top of the handles. Rich sponsors gave the complete set of twelve, while for those who were not so opulent four was considered the proper number, and poor sponsors would content themselves with offering one. In the latter case the handle of the spoon generally exhibited the figure of any saint in honor of whom the child received its name. It is in allusion to this custom that, when Cranmer professes himself to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess, Shakespeare makes the king reply: "Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons."

The Mug or Spoon and Fork Offering.

The mug or spoon and fork offering of the present day appears as a very debased survival of a really beautiful christening offering.—Westminster Review.

Alexander's Horse.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, was in all probability the most celebrated horse of which we have any knowledge. He was bought for the sum of 16 talents from Philiticus out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was sketched, or, in other words, white, clouded with large deep bay spots, this peculiar breed being valued by the Parthians above all others, but being disliked by the Romans because so easily seen in the dark. Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes and there received his death wound. Disobedient for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the battle, brought Alexander to a place of safety, knelt, as was his custom, for him to alight and, having thus performed his duty, trembled, dropped down and died.

A Good Rule of Life.

A man cannot afford to have an enemy, even a humble enemy. The shabby fellow who storms your office today may be a power in the community next year. Therefore speak to him gently, send him away with a smile. Never affect a contemptuous manner. That is the way of the fool. In the day of small things patient loyalty for the day of great things. A polite word costs nothing. It may turn out to be a good investment. As a spark of fire may turn a city into ashes, so an impatient gesture or irritable word may kindle a hatred great enough to destroy a career.

Oscar's Definition.

Shocked Mother—My boy, my boy, what became of that last piece of pie I left in the cupboard and told you not to disturb? Little Oscar—I ate it. Shocked Mother—And what would you call an act like that? Little Oscar—Disturbing the piece, I suppose.—Buffalo Commercial.

Not Fair.

White—I've noticed that the wick generally got noticed that they desecrated. Black—And I've noticed that the don't.—Life.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Why He Had a Crying Fit When One Was Even Hurt.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "Queer things happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can cry almost every time I think of it."

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than three years old toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more."

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Galveston Tribune.

COOKING A CAT.

Northern Italy Would Rather Have Puss Roasted Than Boiled.

In northern Italy the cat is a favorite and growing article of food. In Azelegio, in Venice, in Verona, butchers sell cats and call them rabbits, for the state forbids the eating of cats, but the poor people who have become the chief buyers of the inferior kinds of cats are not deceived by their cheap rabbits.

The proper way to cook a cat is to toast it in an oven until brown, with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, red wine and some herbs peculiar to Italy. When boiled, it is not so satisfactory. Just before Christmas it is common for a group of young men in northern Italy to kill some cats, skin them and soak them in water for two or three days. They are then cooked with great care on Christmas day and served up hot about 1.30 p. m. after mass.

Italy cultivates the cat for home consumption, as English people raise rabbits. It is to be done on the quiet, however, for in spite of the profit in the business and the demand for the delicacy the law has to be looked out for, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats is vigilant. Offenses against the law are visited with imprisonment. Cats are raised for the market none the less. Fattened on the finest of milk, a choice specimen will attain the weight of fifteen pounds.—Boston Transcript.